

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #12]

ORIGINAL MSS. OR FIELD NOTES (Cheek one)

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TITLE Italian Cobbler, Beverly - #12 (M.R. Lovett)

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INTERVIEW

with

VITO CACCIOLA

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by

Merton R. Lovett

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"As well as remembered"

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INTERVIEW

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(from memory)

"Here's de paper boy. Looka dis picture. He's beautiful. He's de Italian. De Mayor maka him de new policeman, I knowa him.

(To paper boy) Vito: "Giovanni, what de Santa Claus bringa you?" Giovanni: "Some sheet."
Vito: "Whata you say?" Giovanni: "Some sheet." Vito: "You'se talka like a bad man. How dare you maka such disrespect? Excusa, Mr. Lovett, such words in front of your divine face. Giovanni, dida you go to confession last week? What de priest say to you? You maka me insult. Whata you mean? Whata you mean?" Giovanni: "I mean I gotta nothing. Santa giva me nothing." Vito: "Now you make a bigga sin. You tella de lie. What did your mama give you? What did de brother and sister giva you? Tella de truth."

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Giovanni : “Aw, they giva me nothing much. I wanted a bicycle.” Vito: “Well, you no diserva bicycle, when you talka so disrespect-ed. You goa now and if you don't learna some good manners I getta nother paper boy.”

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“You see, Mr, Lovett, I don't standa for no bad talk and bad manners neither.

“One Italian man come see me. He losa his job. He's got no money. He's hungry. I leta him sleep in de back room.

“He is no good neither. He's what you call it, a bum. He saya, “I wisha I was President.’ I ask whata he do if he wasa President. He reply, 'I woulda catch all de millionaires and fixa dem.’

“So I tella him, 'A funny President you would make. Huh! You can't reada or write.’ Den he maka noise. Pardon me, Mr. Lovett, it sounds like passa de wind.

“Dat was de bad insult. I fella much mad. I feela more worse cause dere was a woman here waita for her shoes.

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“Have you no disrespect, I shouta at him? Must you act like dirty pig when lady is present? Is you no better as a savage from Africa or a gorilla? Getta out quicka or I throw you out, and don'ta you recome here no more ever.”

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“I gota niece in New York. She's like an angel. Never did I see a girl so good and so smarta. She's nica and big and husky. For Christmas I senda her some gloves. De is warm and soft. De have insides of fur lika de squirrel.

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“Long time ago, when she was, so big, I giva her music lessons. Sometimes she teased her uncle. One day, while I was teacha her, she maka de foolery. I make de froun and looka at her hard. Right away she casta her eyes down like dis. Den she peak up at me. She see I maka de froun. She throw her arms around my neck and say, 'Uncle Vito, don't be cross. I lova you — I be a good girl.' By jingo I wisha she was here.

“Yes, her fader move back to Beverly when he getta job here. Does you know a good job? He's a smarta chauffer and he makes de gooda gardens, all pretty flowers and nicer perfume.

“Willa you speak to de Mr. Loring? If you getta him job, it be great biga surprise. Den I be your slave, Mr. Lovett.”